THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The September number is just ready, containing contributions from

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, T. W. HIGGINSON, HARRIET MARTINEAU, BAYARD TAYLOR,

and other popular writers. It also contains "Saccharissa Mellasys," a humorous tale by the late Major Winthrop, in which Life on a Southern Plantation is vividly depicted. Other stories by Major Winthrop will follow in future numbers of THE ATLANTIC. Price of the number 25 cents. Subscriptions to THE ATLANTIC $3.00 per year, postage paid by the Publishers.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, PUBLISHERS, Boston, Mass.

VOL. 4. NO. 88.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUG. 31,

1861.

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Ben Wood.—YOU OBSERVE—THERE ARE THE FIGURES, AND AS WE'VE GOT IT ALL SET, IT'S BOUND TO COME OUT RIGHT.
Prince Nap.—OUI MONSIEUR—WIS MOSH RESPECT—BUT I NO SEE HIM DERE—NUMBARE ONE! YOU KNOW HIM—EH!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

XUM

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Carpenter Manor, June 12, 1861.

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I observed in the *Herald* 5th inst., my name mentioned in connection with Brandreth's Pills. I CONFIRM ALL THEREIN PUBLISHED.
I do really think had Stephen A. Douglas used six Brandreth's Pills when first sick, and used a little goose grease on his throat, and followed up by taking four pills the next day, and two pills a day for four successive days thereafter, that he would now be living. I have frequently, and so has the members of my family, had severe attacks of throat complaints; by resorting to Brandreth's Pills a speedy cure has been the result.
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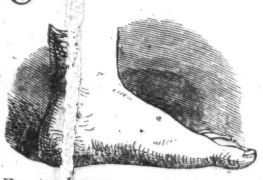

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From the President of the Atlantic Bank.
New-York, March 18, 1861.

I take pleasure in saying that Prof. KIMBELL has entirely cured my corns and those of my wife, more than a year ago, without pain or loss of blood, and I can with confidence recommend him
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ARTEMUS WARD.

AMONG THE SPIRITS.

[REPUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

My naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared feller has settled here and gone into the sperret biznis excloosivly. A atemt was made to git MRS. A. WARD to embark into the Sperret biznis but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creetur & wood make a sweet mejium, whareupon she atact him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear obsarve that MRS. WARD is a invalerble womun—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunse she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. INGOMER in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt

2 soles which beet as 1.

My nabers injooced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire SMITH'S. When I arrove I found the east room chock full incloodin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with "hears cums the benited man"—"hear cums the horey-heded unbeleever"—"hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, "my frens it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets."

1 of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellecks than other men had and thay wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immaterial and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnerd the speaker, resolves round on its own axeltree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis

of superhuman natur becum mettymorfussed as man progrest in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. [This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany and as I make it a pint to get along as pleasantly as possible, I sung out "bully for yu old boy."]

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to convarse with, I sed if BILL TOMPKINS, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, was sober, I shood like to convarse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of WILLIAM TOMPKINS present?" sed 1 of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "WILLIAM, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show biznis, WILLIAM?" sez I.

He sed he was. He sed he & JOHN BUNYAN was travelin with a side show in connection with SHAKSPEER, JONSON & Co.'s Circus. He sed Old BUN (meanin Mr. BUNYAN,) stird up the animils & ground the organ while he tendid door. Occashunally MR. BUNYAN sung a comic song. The circus was doin middlin well. BILL SHAKSPEER had made a grate hit with Old BOB RIDLEY, and BEN JONSON was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal. Thay was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, "WILLIAM, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiunsed.

The Sircle sed he had gone. "Air you gone, WILLIAM?" I axed.

"Rayther," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck furder.

I then cailed fur my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you prowd of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show biznis I told you to dignerfy that there perfeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the planut biznis & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt thay axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "my frends I've bin into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constitooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleazes, & them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the piece of mind of evry famerlee he enters, He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all yu say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional Sperret rappers—them as makes a biznis on it—air abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life. So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home.

Respectably Yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

Another Government Cypher.

One Mr. TALCOTT is said to have invented a new cypher for the use of the Government. We have heard of carrying coals to Newcastle, warming pans to the West Indies, and flannel shirts to the negroes of that livid locality; but never did we hear of such a dreadful waste of mind in the invention of a new "government cypher" would seem to imply. When we have Brigadier-Generals whom we are compelled to sigh for, and Treasury clerks who are all cypher, and a national debt of about this pattern—$500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000—we think that Mr. TALCOTT would have been better employed in devising some way by which the Government might be rid of cyphers altogether. And, moreover, having, for our sins been compelled to read millions of Congressional speeches, so mysterious and cryptographical that the authors themselves could not translate them even with a large bunch of keys, we really think that the proposal of Mr. TALCOTT to add to the chronic botherations of the people, should put us on the *qui vive*.

Eight ounces of Salt Pork and a Cracker.

We cannot see why the purveying department of the Army should be called the "Commissariat," unless because the conduct of its officers compels us to Commiserate the soldiers; but certainly, in some regiments, almost the only rations the men can get are Commiserations!

Much Needed in the Government Offices.

More light than is afforded by red tapers.

HOW IT IS DONE.

De Phillips (ever innocent of intentional industry.)—VERY SORRY, MRS. JOWLS, THAT I CAN'T ACCOMMODATE YOU WITH THAT LITTLE TRIFLE, BUT THE DEPRESSING INFLUENCE OF THE SAD DISASTER AT BULL RUN, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE FAILURE OF STUBBS & Co., HAVE CRIPPLED THE FINANCIAL RESOURCES OF YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.

The enemy retires in confusion.

To Owners of Sharp Sticks.

The imbecility of the Navy Department is at last beginning to rouse the latent energies of, too confiding people; at least the following head-line to a late advertisement in the *Herald* looks like it:

WANTED—FOR THE NAVY DEPARTMENT, SOME GOOD PROPELLERS.

Here, now, is a good chance for the famous "Old man with the Bundle of Sticks;" who, if still living, will hear of something to his advantage by calling at the office of VANITY FAIR, where he can readily dispose of his wattles to a company which intends adapting them to the back of the Navy Department, as "propellers." N. B.—A discount for cash will be expected; as the Old Man can have but little use for his bundle of sticks, while there are so many people about who won't see Union at any price.

The Reverse of It.

A New Orleans paper says that—"self-righteousness is the mark of the Northern beast; one half of Northern society is made up of TARTUFFES."

True for you, sir—we have our TARTUFFES; but we also have our Tough Tars, as you will find out to your cost, we guess, in the course of your piratical ventures.

The Point in Question.

It has just been laid down, by the constituted authorities, that "felt cloths are not fit for army clothing." Nothing is said with regard to the material for weapons; but we take leave to say, out of our own heads, that felt bayonets would be about the thing for the crisis.

Motto for Barnum.

Hip! Hip! hurrah!

FACTS versus FIGURES

"The Charleston *Mercury* says that the ten Southern States will furnish one hundred million of dollars and five hundred thousand fighting men. Couldn't you take off a million?—*Exchange.*

I.

Not a single open port,
Not a single cargo of cotton,
The Staple is marvellous 'short,'
And the very wharves grow rotten;
Yet the *Mercury* boasts (even when
Not a soul the falsehood swallows),
Of Five Hundred Thousand Men
And One Hundred Millions of Dollars!

II.

The land is running to weeds,
For want of a provident master,
The Weed is running to seeds
And the Rebels are running faster;
But the *Mercury* sings amain
The praise of the Southern Apollos . . .
Five Hundred Thousand Men
And One Hundred Millions of Dollars!

III.

The population is sparse,
The most of the people are niggers,
Rebellion would look like a farce
Unaided by wonderful figures;
So the editor seizes his pen
And the splendid total follows,
Of Five Hundred Thousand Men,
And One Hundred Millions of Dollars!

IV.

It is well for the Rebels, perhaps,
While their money and men are flying,
That some of their newspaper chaps
Have a beautiful talent for lying,
And keep up the old refrain,
Spite of visions of hempen collars,
Five Hundred Thousand Men
And One Hundred Millions of Dollars!

A Synonym spoiled for the South.

From the St. Louis *Democrat* of recent date we derive the following information:

"A. C. APPLER, the rabid secession editor of the *Hannibal News*, was arrested last Saturday and taken by Major HAYS to camp. When found he was concealed *between two feather beds.*"

"Showing the white feather" has been from time immemorial the synonym of abject cowardice, but when a prominent secessionist shows two beds full of them it demonstrates, we think, the utter weakness of the term when applied to poltroonery of the Confederate stamp.

John Bull's Neutrality.

(In the words of Shakspeare.)

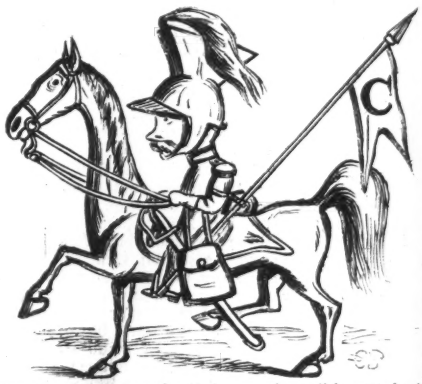
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

King John.

How to Double the Revenue.

For the tax on incomes substitute a *nincum* tax.

HARDEE MADE EASY.



CONTINUING our remarks upon the physical qualifications for a horseman, we request the attention of recruiting officers to the subject of chest. The Military Chest, in all senses of the expression, should be full and expansive: otherwise that portion of the structure known as the "sinews of war" is certain to be defective, and inadequate to probable occasion.

When a recruit is seated, upright, in his saddle, a plummet line dropped from the point of his nose should strike the apex of the sternal arch, or lower extremity of the breast bone. Should the plummet hit the pommel of the saddle, instead, the applicant must be rejected, as having either too long a nose or too flat a chest, or both.

Recruits are naturally sensitive on the subject of their peculiarities of build. In rejecting a man on account of his *physique*, therefore, officers will do well to make the pill as toothsome to him as possible, by recommending him to some other branch of the service, upon which his laurels may flourish in spite of his legs.

The horse is possessed of wonderful instinct with regard to the right kind of man for his back. At a recruiting station, not long since, a man of good physical formation offered himself to the cavalry officer in charge. To see how he would look on horseback, he was ordered to mount a sober old charger kept for the purpose of testing recruits. The animal immediately tossed him over his head, and, on two subsequent remounts, over his tail: on which the man confessed himself to be a tailor, and was recommended to go where glory waited him on foot.

Out of this there is a fine moral deducible for our Government: namely: That if the Old Horse would kick up his heels and toss the army tailor over his head, the service thereby rendered to the State would be convertible by the proverb which tells us that—"A stitch in time saves nine."

THE ZOOLOGICAL WORLD.

When one great thing undertakes to describe another great thing, great things may be reasonably expected. That great newspaper, *The World*, has tackled that great novelty the Hippopotamus. With the accuracy of a Cuvier, it describes him thus:

"He is said to be three years old. He takes his position very mildly, and rolls about his unwieldy and monstrous form in the water with great contentment and good-nature. He is a very strange and interesting creature, however."

A very strange and interesting creature—however! Now, what does this "however" mean? Does *The World* intend to say, that if our friend Hippy were only two years and six months old; and took his position very strongly; and rolled about his unwieldy and monstrous form with great discontent and ill-nature, that he would be still more strange and interesting? Why apologize for his being three years old? Why apologize for his taking his position mildly? Suppose that he didn't! Suppose he should jump out of his tank, demolish the Wax-work, eat the Living Skeleton, tread black and blue the Madagascar Albinoes, bite off the head of the What Is It, lick the Sea Lion, scotch the Monster Snakes, make a Dead Seal of the Living Seal, blast the Happy Family, put out the pipe of The Double Tongued Vocalist, and smash the Cremona of the Talented Young Female Violinist! Would he be more interesting than if he had remained, a sort of soft Diogenes of a Hippopotamus, in his tub? Let Pater Familias, who Barnums his babies regularly, answer!

Patriotic Bit from Wall Street.

It is but natural that the Bull should support the institution of "Gore."

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND BEN WOOD.

Our special private-dinner-table-conversation reporter brings us some nice *bon-bons* from the feed given to Prince NAPOLEON by FERNANDO WOOD, on Wednesday the 14th inst.

BEN, FERNANDO's brother, was told off to do the agreeable to the Imperial party, on account of his fascinating manners and thorough possession of the French language.

The banquetting hall was flanked by a conservatory, filled with bunches of marigolds and other vegetables, which mingled their aromatic breath with that of the *soupe à la Julienne* so lately indebted to them for its existence. Katydids, engaged specially for the occasion, reiterated their assertions, without ceasing, from the trees in the garden.

"*Ah! c'est drole!*" cried the Prince, who mistook the katydids for birds—"*mais comment s'appelent ils ces petits oiseaux la?*"

"Chickens, my Prince," replied BEN, whose ear only caught the word *oiseaux* and sounds of woe at that moment arising from the precincts of the hen-house.

This caused a laugh, in which the Prince good-humoredly joined, thinking it, perhaps, by far the best thing of the evening. The Mayor whispered to his brother not to be a Donkey.

BENJAMIN, however, was not to be thus put down. The word *oiseau*—a real French word—was still ringing in his ears; and, assuming his complimentary smile, he turned to the Prince, saying, partly in French, but mostly in English:

"What a *beau langue* your's is to be sure! Sweety *pour* talky in, I mean," added he, in the pleasing lingo affected by the Chinese cigar-venders about the City Hall Park.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Prince, evidently charmed at this delicate compliment—"but in what do you suppose its superiority consists?"

"In its adaptability to the mouth for speaking, and to the hand for writing," replied BEN, with the confidence of one who was master of his subject. "Take the word *wozzow*, for instance," continued he—there was a strain of *oiseau* still lingering in his ears—"Take the word *wozzow*, and if you can show me a word in the English language that fills the mouth so sweetly, and spells backward and forward the same so handy, I'll shut off my Lottery business and join the Church!"

The Prince bowed; and, turning to MAURICE SAND, commanded him to knock off a good caricature of BEN WOOD for VANITY FAIR, and to be sure to draw him with a very large head—and ears.

A CASE FOR THE POLICE—IF POSSIBLE.

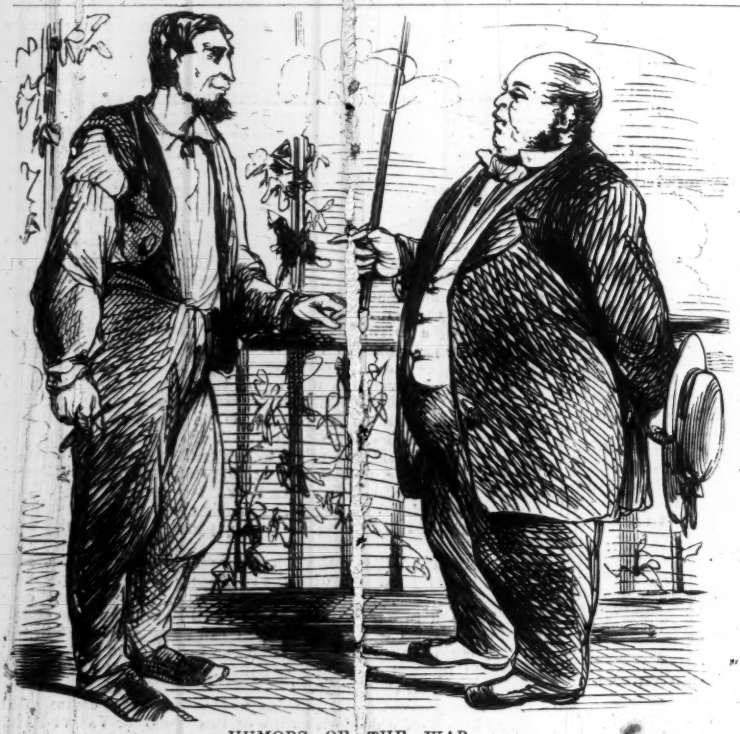
On the subject of new postal arrangements, dispatches from Washington state that—"The recent post-office order, providing against the transmission of envelopes with scurrilous or scandalous matter printed or written on them, is intended to cover such cases as that of a Massachusetts quack-doctor, which was brought to the attention of the Department, he having selected that mode to indecently advertise his business."

Bland satisfaction pervaded our being, at the idea of a beastly quack being thus caught by his foul fingers in the trap of a letter-box. But if one quack is thus happily thwarted in his attempts to outrage decency and insult the public, why should another be quietly suffered to hang out his disgusting banners in our very midst? In a central part of Broadway—we forget the exact Spot, there are so many there to confuse the eye—the passers by are daily outraged by the exhibition of certain anatomical pictures, which look as if they might once have formed part of the collection of a lunatic confined in a leper hospital. These productions are conspicuously hung—"on the line"—by the door-posts, and even against a lamp-post or some similar structure opposite. Posters are disposed around them, inviting "all who want to look handsome" to walk in. A tall man, with a general expression of exterior which may be described as the reverse of modest, may often be seen loitering about this charming pass of the Broadway Simplon- or Simpleton. He is generally accompanied by a large greyhound—a well-bred animal, but wearing a dejected look, as if ashamed of the company into which it has fallen. The man's name is TUMBLETY—we have not the pleasure of being acquainted with the dog's.

How long is this notorious quack to be permitted thus to abuse the public eye? If the proper authorities do not take steps for removing the nuisance established by him, it would be a good deed to test the matter by poking the sharp end of a walking-stick through several parts of all his pictures. No magistrate could have the conscience, if the power, to fine the person who might be obliging enough to do the public this good service.

Advice to "Peace" Men.

Hold your Peace!



HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Stout Party.—No sir! You must remain and look after the farm. I have myself enlisted in a Light Cavalry Corps—I shall have at least one blow for my Country.

What Next?

Dr. Russell of the *London Times* writes to that paper that in the battle of Bull Run:

"There was not a bayonet charge made by the Federal Infantry during the day."

Also:

"There was not a battery charged or taken by the Federalists."

From which it necessarily follows so far as Vanity Fair can see, that there are not and never have been any such regiments as the 69th, the Fire Zouaves, and the Massachusetts 8th, or any such brigade as that of Gen. Blenker. Also that Gen. McDowell, Col. Heintzelmann, Col. Burnside, Col. Hunter, Governor Sprague, and all the rest of our Colonels and Generals, are the most unblushing liars that the world has ever seen. For these persons have made statements contrary to those of Dr. Russell, and we understand that Dr. Russell, like the immortal Washington and our own McArone, "has a little hatchet and would not tell a lie."

Greeley an Army Contractor.

It appears that the senior editor of the *Tribune* has taken a contract for army clothing, and that the Zouave branch of the service is the one for which he has undertaken to provide certain indispensable garments. This we infer from an expression of his in the *Tribune* of the 9th August, in which he says—"we make Big Breaches in the shaky old walls of caste."

A Con. from the Far East.

Q. What is the difference between the Persian Gulf and the Deserts of Arabia?

A. The Persian Gulf is said to be haunted by Mermaids, but there are Nomades in the Deserts of Arabia.

To the Public.

The citizens of the United States, who have an interest in the cause of Freedom and Humanity, not only in this Country but throughout the World, and who earnestly sympathize with the humane and benevolent conduct in India, of

NENA SAHIB,

are respectfully requested to come forward with

A DIME SUBSCRIPTION,

for the purpose of giving a fitting testimonial to that distinguished Chieftain, and also to aid in the erection of

A MONUMENT

to the misguided and unfortunate men who struck for their liberty from an oppressive despotism, and being defeated, were humanely

BLOWN FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH

by the mild and beneficent English Government.

Subscribers to the Shilling Testimonial in England, to General Beauregard, are not precluded from aiding in this Holy Work, and their subscriptions may be handed in at the office of the *London Times*.

All subscriptions in this Country to be forwarded direct to

HOWELL COBB,
Sec'y Treas'y C. S. A.,
Montgomery, Ala.

TIT FOR TAT!

We confess that to a great extent we believe in the doctrine of Tit for Tat. If a man give us a wipe on one cheek we do not think we should be disposed to turn to him the other in order to receive Wipe No. 2. We are aware that we differ in this respect from all the rest of the world.

It is in consequence of this wicked spirit of ours that we are made glad by the accounts, which begin to come in pretty briskly now, of the demolishment of secession newspaper offices in the loyal States, and of the tarring and feathering of secession editors. For years past Northern men in the South who have dared to express obnoxious opinions, or who have been suspected of entertaining them even, have been hunted down like wild beasts, scourged, cut, shot and hanged. And now when sympathizers with the South among us, not only express obnoxious opinions through the public medium of the press but go to the length of openly advocating Treason against the Government, we think that "Turn About is Fair Play."

Not that we would counsel the murdering or the maiming of the obnoxious persons. We will let the South maintain her advantage over us in that particular. But the clinging tar, a few wholesome feathers and the refreshing rail, may we think, be used with advantage. They will at all events convince traitors of the necessity of keeping their mouths shut, and will demonstrate to them with admirable clearness that they are no longer to be permitted to insult a loyal community with their gibes and sneers at the Republic, their mealy-mouthed praises of Jeff. Davis and his rebel crew.

It is all very well to call this sort of thing "Mob Violence" and say that "the adjustment of such matters should be left to the properly constituted authorities," but the trouble is that when the matters are so left the "properly constituted authorities" don't "adjust" them.

And this is the reason why we believe in the doctrine of Tit for Tat. We know it is very wicked for us to do so, but then, as we stated in the beginning, we are different from all the rest of the world in this respect.

RATHER IN THE WAY.

L. NAP.—I FEAR VER MOSH MONSIEUR BULL VE VILL AVE TO LEFE ZE COTTON ALONE BECAUSE OF HIM.

JNO. BULL.—I WOULD TAKE THE BLARSTED THING, TOO, IF I HAD ANY USE FOR IT.

"THE DEVOTED BAND."

Some enterprising gentlemen in Richmond propose to organize a military and uncivil gang under the above title, with the object of invading the North. Philadelphia and New York are the cities particularly specified in their humorous little prospectus (published in the Richmond *Whig*), as points of attack, and "not beyond the reach of a long and brave arm." The inhabitants of those cities are designated by the terrific epithet of "moral people," and are to be "taught the virtues of invasion" "by the blazing light of their own dwellings." Which would be uncomfortable.

We love not revolting and painful subjects, so we will not linger upon the grammatical peculiarities of this prospectus, which closes thus generously:

☞ "All Southern papers are requested to give this notice a few insertions."

But the idea upon which the Devoted Band is to be formed is pleasing in comparison

"It is believed," says "this notice," "that there are five or ten thousand men in the South ready and willing to share the fate of CURTIUS."

Credulous South! Here, it is believed that there are five or ten thousand men ready and willing to do nothing of the kind. But the prospectus amicably continues: "It is proposed that all who are willing to make this sacrifice, shall arm themselves with a sword, two five-shooters and a carbine each, and meet, on horseback, at some place to be designated convenient for the great work in hand."

We suggest VANITY FAIR office as a good place to be designated. It is convenient to the rest of the city, and other regions generally. It holds not infrequent communications with Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Ohio, and Scoby's Corner, N. J. Only five minutes walk from the ferries. If the Devoted Band will wash themselves clean, and get sober, we will accommodate them so long as they may wish to prepare themselves for the somewhat anachronistic feat of sharing "the fate of CURTIUS." If we remember, that gallant Ancient jumped his horse from a height into a gulf, subsequently to which, not so much was heard of him as previously. Our front windows are large enough to allow of the passage of any medium-sized Secesher, mounted upon a fourteen hand horse, and Nassau street furnishes an eligible gulf. If the quiet that settled upon the interests and affairs of CURTIUS, after his plunge, will enfold them also, when they have made the single step from this sublime office to that ridiculous street, we shall feel that we have done our country a benefit; and will have the remains carted off at our own expense. This ought to be satisfactory to man and beast. The offer is made in good faith, and ☞ All Southern papers are requested to give this notice a few insertions.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

You cannot kill the Seven Sisters, no sir!—no more than if they were the Three Graces, or the Nine Muses, or the Two Pollies. An audience of Four Dead Heads and Three Paymasters,—or—Misses, cannot kill the Seven Sisters, sir! In longevity, the Seven Sisters are equivalent to Seventy Aunts, Seven Hundred First Cousins, and Seven Thousand Second Cousins. The motto of the Seven Sisters is emphatically: "We are Seven, and Nothing Shorter." Miss LAURA KEENE, instigated by the demoralizing demon of diminishing dimes, may be keen enough to cut them, but the Howard, sir,—the benevolent Howard,—the Howard Atheneum of Athens (Modern) has taken them up; and they still shine the Seven Wonders of that little world. The Seven Sisters, like More or Less Sisters, to say nothing of Mothers and Daughters, have sought the rural districts, and are expected to run like that One Sister CAMILLA, flying over the unbending Corn (hill) and skimming across the main (Boston Bay) without overshoes. "Am I not a Man and a Brother?" has long been a popular interrogatory in Boston; and "Are we not Women and Sisters?" will be there the rallying cry of the Seven. And now, let every Bostonian prove himself a Brother of the Seven Sisters, by paying four shillings at the box-office for himself, and four more for his—Sister! With proper encouragement the Seven Sisters will continue to run at the Howard for not less than seven years, and to walk for seven years afterwards; so that before they stand absolutely still, the affectionate creatures will have attained an aggregate age of Ninety-Eight Years in Boston alone; and thus will furnish a thrilling item of "Longevity" wherewithal to enliven the Boston newspapers.

From our Contraband Contributor.

The gait to be avoided by our cavalry.
De Canter.

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

A SUMMER LYRIC.

Under a maple I dreamily lie,
Down by the river;
'Neath the fervid glow of a noonday sky,
Down by the river;
I watch the leaves in the eddies whirl,
And the smoke of my meerschaum lazily curl
Up towards a heaven of azure and pearl,
Down by the river!

I hear the June-bug's drowsy hum,
Down by the river;
I watch the honey-bee go and come
Down by the river;
The little waves ripple along the sand,
My pipe drops out of my idle hand,
My soul is away in fairy land,
Down by the river.

A sudden rapture my pulses thrill,
Down by the river;
Can it be I am dreaming still,
Down by the river?
Over me bends a presence bright,
An angel, surely—it's robes are white,
It's tresses are rays of golden light,
Down by the river!

Rosily, cheek and forehead flush,
Down by the river;
Can it be possible angels blush?
Down by the river.
Can it be possible one would say,
"Pardon me, sir," and flit away
In such a very provoking way,
Down by the river?

Up to my feet I start and gaze,
Down by the river;
Landward, seaward, all in a maze,
Down by the river;
Small satisfaction my scrutiny brings,
Not even a glimpse of vanishing wings,
Angels are certainly slippery things,
Down by the river.

After all, it was only a dream,
Down by the river!
Strange, how vivid some visions seem,
Down by the river!
Stay,—what's this? A treasure trove,
Angel, or vision, or Spirit of Love,
She's dropped the daintiest sort of a glove,
Down by the river!

And further along by the sedgy brim,
Down by the river;
Is the print of a slipper, tiny and slim,
Down by the river;
Delicate foot-print, gauntlet small,
Surely, surely ye cannot be all!
Left she no other token at all,
Down by the river?

Nothing save these! But alack-a-day!
Down by the river;
She hath stolen the dreamer's heart away
Down by the river.
Left him naught but an empty breast,
Naught but a world-wide weary guest,
For the beautiful vision that broke his rest,
Down by the river!

Bon Repos.

The Richmond *Whig* extols BEAUREGARD'S "sleepless vigilance," yet it appears he had a famous NAP. the other night on his four-post bedstead.

Apology for the New Tariff on Liquors.

In great emergencies the heaviest duties are generally assigned to the ardent.

MRS. ROSS VISITS THE SHAKERS.

EPISTLE 7TH.

AUGUST THE 15th

MR. VANITY :—I've farely got away from show and glitter, there ant a crinkle nor crivis in nothin here. The fokes here take no newspapers, but I dont look inter one no more than ef I was stun blind; so I dont git riled up every hour in the day readin a pack of lies. In the room Ime settin in ritin this letter ter ye, sister KERZIAH, in a high backt cheer that Ile lay a wager was made

in the year jest arter the flood. And her gound, Ime certin was NOAH'S wifes and darters pattern: there aint a pleat nor a pucker int, the critter looks all the way of a bignis, frum her sholders to her shoes. Shes got on an apern that comes most ter the bottom of her coats, and a spandy clean three cornerd white muslin hankercher pinned over her boosum as slick as a ribbon, and a little collar turned over as smooth as glass, and her cap comes round her face like the letter U turnd upside down, with little narrer tapes fassened ter the ears ont, and they hang down as even and nice as a tarler candle, and not a spear of hair ter be seen round her face. There she sets knittin away for dear life. So you see I haint got farely out of the world of work. That is, Ime amongst the Shakers. My son SIMON is a trifle in their way. He takes theyr arbs and sich. When I was ter the boardin house on the sound, and see so much goin on of folly and glitter amongst the visiters, I sed ter Mis BISSEL I almost wisht I was out of the world; I was sick of seein and hearin. My granson sot there in a cheer to the winder, readin away as sober as a judge, I dident spose he heard nothin; and he flew up like the cork out of my yeast bottle, and clapt his hands like a young rooster jest afore he begins ter crow. Sed he, granmother; I ken tell you of a place out of the world; and you dont hev ter die ter get there, nuther. I opend my eyes. Sed I, child, wher on arth do ye find sich a spot? Sed he, its over in Massachusits, and youl git rest there I ken tell you. Now Mis BISSEL, as I told you afore, is alus reddy for a start or new projeck. Sed she, Mis Ross, the young gentleman is right, its a parfect sleepy holler, the place he speeks on, and I secont the motion ter go straight there. You never see fokes packt up quicker than we was. (Between you and me, Mr. VANITY, Mis BISSEL is a dyin to make her markit; and ef its true that every GILL hes a JACK born to um she'll find hern ef he's on arth; and ef he aint she'll ware herself out hystin round arter him. For a sartinty she'll jine him tother side of Jordan. I dont say theres any harm in fokes wantin ter get marrid; but Ive seen a good many fokes upset theyr dish by jest crowdin theyr sute a leetle too fur.)

It was nigh about dark Saterday nite when we got here; and we was jest about tuckerd out, we went rite ter bed. I dont bleve I moved foot nor hand til the sun peared through a crack in my winder and sed good mornin. I riz rite up and looked out of the winder. Sich a smoth spot you never see. The road looked for all the world like a striped green and brown ribbon, with faggotin both sides. Thers the wagon road, and the foot path, and the evenest white fence that mortal ever made; and the houses are filed on both sides like solgers on trainin day. And sich gardins of arbs and sarce! they look as ef they was doin theyr best ter give praise ter the breth in and sisters fur the care took on um. Wal, we hed as good a brekfast as worldly mortals desarve, and pooty soon sister KERZIAH sed it was time for theyr meetin ter begin. So we walked ter the meetin house. Theyr was two doors to it, and the bretherin went inter one door and the sisters inter tother as ef they was scarte ter death of one another, and they kep ter theyr own side of the meetin house, and took seats, and looked as ef they expected an airthquake. Wal, I sot a gazin on um till I forgot where I was. Sich an awful stilness I never knowd. The sisters for all the world lookd as ef theyd riz from theyr graves jest as they was laid out. Theyr faces was as pale as cabbages that sprout in the suller. Bimeby a brother riz and sed his say; but I dident get none on it through my noddle. Then they all formed a line as ef they was gonter hev a dance; each on um put theyr hans tergether afore um, and they hung down as limpsy as rags, then they opend their mouths and they piped up ter the highest pitch of their voices for quite a spell, and then they all turned and went marchin round the room, clappin theyr hans. Mis BISSEL lookd ter me and laft; but I turned away without jinin in; I couldnt see nothin ter laf at, I was in the bigges maze I was ever in tu all my life.

They pertend ter hold theyr dance afore the Lord, like DAVID of old did. All Ive got ter say is, I see some faces there in their party, old Lucyfurs ed I ter myself, you hippocrits! Your as wise as sarpents; and ef you aint dancin ter the devil no human never did. Sed I, what keeps this people tergether? They neither marry nor are they given in marrige. Ef all the world hed took up with this faith and lived up to it when ANN LEE startid it, more'n a hundred year ago, ther wouldnt be no war, and no fitin; for ther wouldent be a human critter on arth ter raise a voice.

Wal, we got back ter the office where they keep the world's people—its theyr tavern—and some of the bretherin and sisters come in and took theyr seats very civil. I tell you they aint in no hurry here; they let their moderation be known to all men. Ther was a tall, light complected man with an open countenance; his mouth streched from ear to ear, and he hed teeth as wite as a hound's. I lookt him over. Sed I ter myself you aint nobody's fool. Sed I, young man, how kem you bring your mind ter live here? Sed he, ken you show me a better place? Wal, that was comin rite ter the pint, jest as things stan now. Sed I, taint nateral. Wal, sed he, that's what we hold; ter giv up nater and purify our souls. Sed I, that's your belief, is it? Sed he, ye—. Wal, sed I, that's what ails the world, goin away from nater. Ef people ony lived more ter nater, and kep the commandment ter love our nabers as ourselves we should'nt be a long ways from paradise; and wede drop off inter tothe world like ripe apples off ot the tree. He lookt on me arnistly as much as ter say, preach on. Sed I, young man, I ken see your no hippocrit; but youve got a store of worldly pride, and that makes you stick here, it taint nothin else. Ef you'll take my advice you'll go out inter the world and jine the army, and ef you dont git shot jest find a partner fur life. He lookt ter Mis BISSEL and smiled, and she kinder lookt away as ef he ment sothin, and an old brother that hed sot there with both ears pricked up ter hear all we sed, fetched a groan and riz up and sot off; and jest then KERZIAH come in and sed dinner was reddy.

Your obedient sarvent,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—Mr. VANITY I must say, ef thers a set of people in this country that are killin therselves out and out ter sarve the Lord these people are doin on it. Ive been here goin on a week, and seen ther outgoins and ther incomins; and Ive made up my mind thers jest three party on um. The fust party are ene most fools. The second like their comfert, and like ter rule; and the third batch are too prowd to own ter the world theyve ben sich consummit fools so long and stop there expectin ter be called hum and escape the world makin game on um.

The brother I prea it to is called MOSES, and Mis BISSEL thinks she's got his attention. I dident tell her she was a fool outright, but I had it on the tip of my tung, ter tell her he want a man ter be took in with died hair and painted lips. M. R.

Cheering for ye Cannibal.

"Four missionaries sailed from Boston on Friday last, in the ship Compeer."—*Current Item.*

WHAT MORE CAN YOU SAY?

THAT entertaining work, the *Charleston Mercury*, is lashing itself into a state of howling indignation because our wounded and prisoners at Richmond are not roasted regularly everymorning over a slow fire, or subjected to the enlivening rack, or something of that sort. The *C. M.* characterizes this lenity as "a false sentimentality," and as "a contemptible and misplaced demonstration of tenderness."

What especially excites the *Mercury* to these cutting remarks is the fact that several noble South Carolinians are now confined in the New York Tombs, on a charge of piracy, having been caught in the freebooting business on board the *Savannah*. The *Mercury* says that our prisoners at Richmond are "common ruffians," while the persons in the Tombs are "gentlemen and respectable men." It will at once occur to the reader how "gentlemanly and respectable" these pirates are, when we recall to his mind the fact that the decentest one of the lot was formerly an employee in the office of *The Charleston Mercury!*

THE EFFECT OF BULL RUN UPON THE SOUTHERN MIND.

We have just received from our Special Army Correspondent—a gentleman who performed miracles of valor on the battle field at Bull Run, rescuing twice as many standards as any other man, and never falling off his horse once—the following interesting *resumé* of the proclamation addressed by JEFF. DAVIS to the rebels after the recent battle: (evidently withheld by the miscreants for the basest purposes, or we should have had it in print ere this.—EDS. V. F.)

HEADQUARTERS, C. S. A., MANASSAS JUNCTION.

NOBLE COMPATRIOTS!—The eagles of victory have perched upon our banners. The bloated miscreants of the pimpled fanatic in the White House at Washington fled at the approach of our chivalrous sons at Bull Run like chaff before the wind. The hireling soldiery of the North, numbering more than 150,000 men, were completely routed by our gallant little band of 20,000 heroes, and left 25,000 stand of arms behind them on the field. Failing to conquer us by honorable means of warfare, these Yankee poltroons wreaked their vengeance upon our dead and dying, cutting the throats of the wounded, systematically shooting our vivandieres, and butchering our nurses in cold blood. Mankind, as I have stated in my Message, will shudder at the outrages committed on our defenceless citizens by these maddened and malignant men. But the day of reckoning is at hand. In a few days our army will march upon Washington and level it with the dust. The besotted idiot, LINCOLN, and the gray-haired traitor, SCOTT, will then feel the force of Southern vengeance. They will be hung from the nearest tree. Leaving Washington in ruins our army of patriots will overrun the whole North. We need fear no resistance from its mudsill soldiers. They will fly before us like sheep. In three months our army will be quartered in New York, the imperial city of this dastard people. To each one who distinguishes himself in the campaign, a house in the Fifth Avenue will then be given. The New York Seventh Regiment will be specially detailed from among the other prisoners, to act as body servants to the officers of the Confederate Army. Thus shall we demonstrate not only to the powers of Europe but to the world at large, the degenerate nature of our foes and the superiority of Southern institutions and of Southern valor. Let our watchword then be "Onward to New York!"

Given under my hand and seal this day, July 23d, 1861. } JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederate States of America.

A Wise Preference.

Southern Union men to save their necks are abandoning their crops.

A SCOWL FROM THE HERALD.

AND A SMILE FROM OURSELVES.

The *Herald* is a good deal depressed—taken down might be a better expression, perhaps—at the result of a visit paid by some of its inquiring young men to the French ship of war, *Catinat*, now lying off the Battery. According to the inquiring young men of the *Herald*, themselves, they appear to have met with a very bad "snub," indeed, from the officers of that ship, who, evidently, thought no more of the *Herald* than they might have of the *Daily News*, or any other common paper of that kind. Considering all things, it seems to us that the inquiring young men of the *Herald*, ought to be thankful that matters were no worse for them on board the *Catinat*. The "leading journal"—we love to be ironical, at times—the "leading journal" has not been over-nice, of late, in its insinuations respecting the political designs of France. It is never over-nice, about anything or anybody—not even about Mrs. LINCOLN, although it tries to be: and it is easy to suppose, then, that French officers, who are usually gentlemen, don't want to be boarded by the *Herald*, or bored by any person belonging to it. Hence the "snub" bestowed by the gentlemen of the *Catinat* upon the intrusive persons of the *Herald*, whose lamentations are now going up to the welkin, because they failed in obtaining that drink which the *Herald* Angels look upon as their perquisite from all on whom they confer the valuable distinction of a morning call of inquiry.

Mark, now, good reader, the different reception met with by our representative on his visit to the *Catinat*. Our velvet-lined gig had no sooner driven—we mean pulled—alongside of the French corvette, than our fair-haired young man was hailed with a silvery "how are you do?" in excellent English, through a cornelian conversation trumpet. Before he could frame a suitable reply to this inquiry, the yards were manned, and, in a jiffy, our representative was hoisted on board by some unseen machinery, with an ease and rapidity which, according to his note-book—"beggared description, and rendered all previous experience bankrupt." When he came to himself, he found that person surrounded by a deferential circle of the officers of the ship, to whom his rank had been revealed by the initials, V. F. on the front of his cap. "How you do yourself, how you do your paper?" now resounded upon all sides, and the situation might have become embarrassing to our young man, who is of a retiring turn of mind, had not a very superior officer waved the others aside, with a handspike, and called for drinks.

"Vot shall it be—Ponche or steel Hock?" asked the superior officer, addressing our representative in a little dance.

"Still Hock, if you please," replied our representative, politely, but with firmness—"Still Hock, if you please—I prefer it to Punch."

"Ah, ha!—zen you are our steel Hock, meester V. F. for ve prefare you ver mosh to *Ponche!*" cried the superior officer, locating his face upon his waistband by means of a shrug.

Our young man bowed, in the form inculcated at his dancing academy, while the superior officer continued:

"Yaas—ve prefare you mosh to *Ponche:* ve do not see *Ponche* through his dam Angleesh fogge, vith his dam *croquis* of *l'Empereur*, all *estomac* and nose! Now, by gar! you make one ver handsome *Empereur* in your V. F., vith just enough of *estomac* and not too mosh nose. Ah ha! you are great *artiste*—you have plenty of *chique!*"

Our young man bowed again, but ventured to observe that the *Herald* was considered to have more Cheek than VANITY FAIR or any other paper; to this, however, the superior officer politely demurred, at the same time proposing three groans for the *Herald*, which were gloomily given by the whole ship's company.

To cut it short, our young man was shown through every part of the ship, and was even permitted to make drawings of the combings of the hatchway and fly of the ensign. If he ever comes to himself, again, he will probably long remember the hospitality with which he was received by the officers of the *Catinat*, and the flavor of their still Hock.

He is reported better while we write; but the only attempt at utterance made by him since his return from the ship, is the disjointed articulation of the words—"Stillock, tillock, lock, ock!" which, probably, has some connection with a reminiscence of the generous wine already referred to.

The driver of our gig—cockswain, we mean—has furnished us with the above particulars. He is a trustworthy man, and understands French better than any of the swains of the *Herald*.

Timely addition.

V. F. begs to make the following addition to SYDNEY SMITH'S sarcastic saying:—

"Every man thinks he can farm a small farm, drive a gig, edit a newspaper"—OR LEAD AN ARMY.